

THE NEW PLAY

"The Literary Sense"

Might Help Out Mrs. Glyn.

NO, the red book that the pale heroine carried during the earlier stages of Schnitzler at the Madison Square Theatre last night wasn't "Three Weeks." But (and this is important) it might have been. Both in binding and spirit it was equally hectic.

Very likely Schnitzler has never heard of "Three Weeks"—lucky man! And perhaps Mrs. Glyn hasn't heard of "The Literary Sense"—unlucky woman! But she should see it; aye, more; she should take the Pilgrim Mothers by the bonnet strings and lead them straight to Manager Lawrence's intermittent playhouse that they, too, might see it. "Behold, oh Pilgrim Mothers, or otherwise, behold my vindication! See for yourselves that authors are not what they seem. They are really cold-blooded." That's what she could say.



Amy Ricard as Margaret.

"The Literary Sense" might help Mrs. Glyn—not meaning, of course, that she hasn't any. If it had come along a little earlier, it might have saved her columns of pain and free advertising. But the sad fact of the matter is that it came along last night with no one to act it, with no one to give its satiric sense full value.

Miss Amy Ricard soared to the poetic heights of the flighty authoress as with her arms, Mr. Robert Conness, as the sensible lover, wasn't half sensible enough, while Mr. Walter D. Greene, burlesqued the author who loved not as he wrote but what he wrote. And yet the buoyant little play was not wholly swamped either by its heavy title or by the even heavier acting.

That this amusing satire on the soul analysts and their erotic products survived the treatment it received at the hands of a company which kept the prompter whispering for all his job was worth was proof that its sharp wit could not be dulled by bad acting. Judging from the laughter that followed every gay fling at the literary sentimentalists, the audience was more than "Three Weeks" old.

The red book that the authoress carried was a joke book. It might have been written with red ink, but not with red blood.

Margaret owned up to writing "Drunk with love, I cling to thee!" but she was perfectly sober when she talked with Clement, whose literary pursuits didn't go beyond the "book" at the race-course. One kind of love she sold as so much per copy, the other kind she gave to Clement freely. Clement thought it rather unalike in her to send her love to the publishers, but he took his share without grumbling. Once she had bared her Laura Jean soul he believed her for what she said, and not for what she had written.

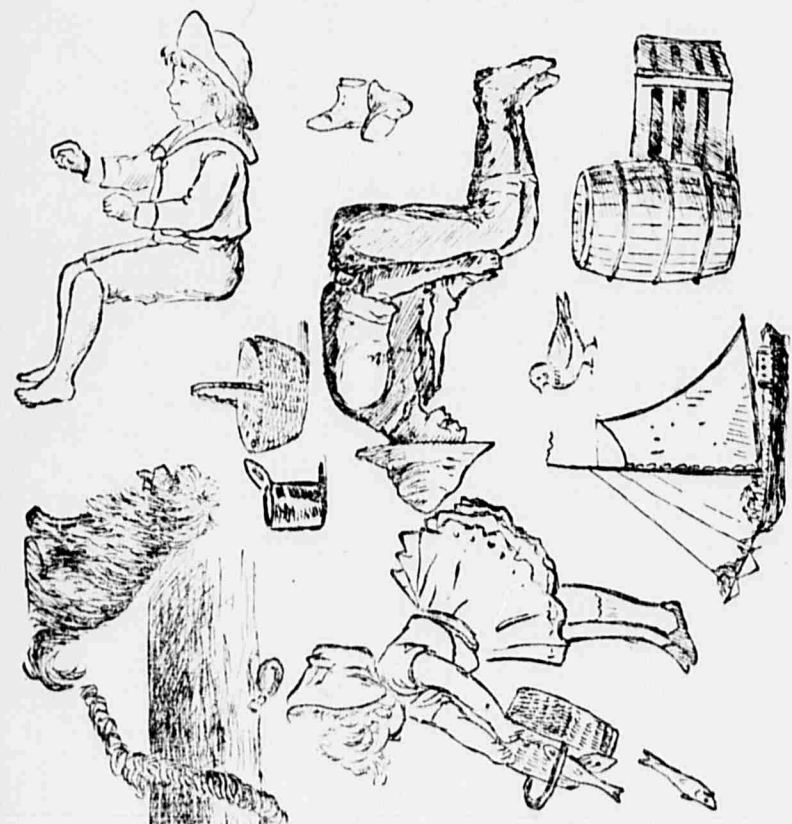
But no sooner had he gone to stop the further publication of the book than in came Gilbert, who embraced Art in all its forms, and was willing to do as much for Margaret. She, it appeared, had developed her literary sense by practicing on him through the mails, and she had used his love letters in padding out her book.

It was easy to see what was coming next. Gilbert, of course, had done precisely the same thing with her letters to him. He pulled his book on her! The plot thickened so quickly that it was in a hard lump when Clement returned. There, in the hands of the literary lovers, were the two books, each containing the same letters, and just to be nice to the unhappy authoress Clement said he would read their immortal works. Schnitzler only knows what might have happened if Margaret hadn't thrown the only copy of her book into the fire.

"The Literary Sense" showed that Schnitzler has a keen sense of humor, and that he knows the literary sentimentalist for what he is worth. After this bit of fun at the expense of cold-storage emotionalists came "The Reckoning," by the same author. Miss Katherine Grey again played the girl whose lover is killed in a duel over another woman, and acted with genuine tenderness in the earlier scenes and considerable power in the tortuous moments of the last act. This time, however, she was given mediocre support, with the result that the performance suffered by comparison with those given at the Berkeley Theatre last season. Mr. John S. Robertson was a lover who deserved to die. Seriously, he would play the part much better with a piano.

Walter D. Greene as Gilbert.

The Cut-Outs' Fishing Trip.



DIRECTIONS: Cut out all the objects from the blank. Arrange them upon a piece of white paper 5 by 8 inches in size, and paste them down in the form of a picture. Then draw a scene around them, or draw your picture first and then arrange your figures. Give the picture a title and mail it to "Children's Editor of Evening World, P. O. Box 1361, New York City."

The figure and objects to be cut out suggest me the idea that the farm-hand has asked for a day off and decides to spend it fishing. Bobbie and Nellie, hearing of this, have asked mamma to let them go along, too. She consents on condition that they promise not to get so fish away by bad talking. She also promises William, the farm-hand, to fix up a fine lunch for all if he will take them along and look after them. I wonder if the dog is waiting in hopes the lunch basket will open automatically or if he is sitting by the boy who is fishing. This is my conception. What is yours?

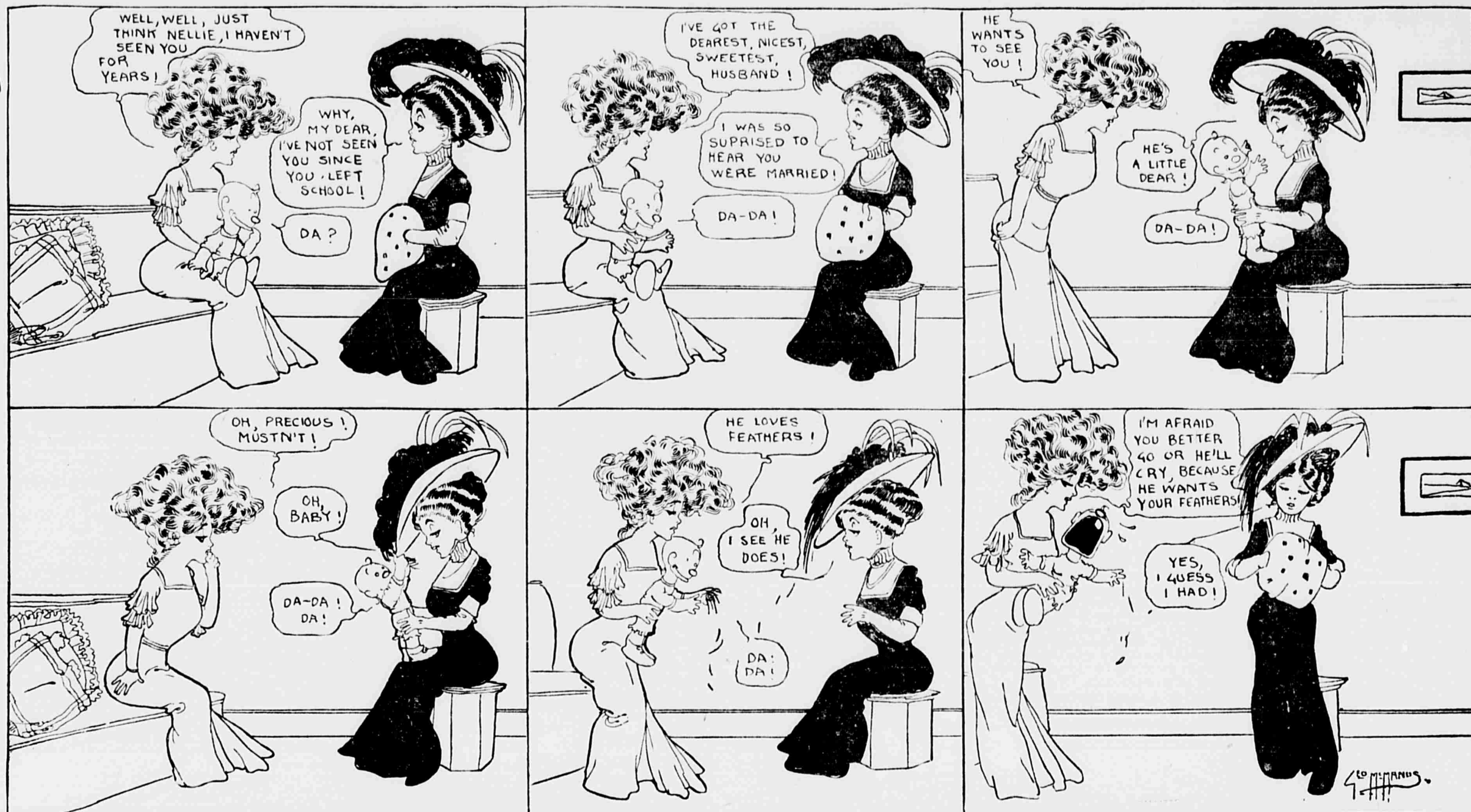
Things Worth Knowing.

It is estimated that in New York City there are 12,300 men who were educated for the bar who are in various employments outside of law offices.

They have made bread from peanut meal for many years in Spain. The bread is light and porous, but rather unpalatable, and it is eaten only by the lower classes.

The first silk hat was worn in the streets of London by John Hetherington, a haberdasher, on Jan. 5, 1795. He was arrested for inciting a riot, but was dismissed with a reprimand.

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



The Fortuna Attacked by Savages While Kirk Is at the Buried City; From Far Off He Sees the Ship's Crew in a Fierce Tornado of Battle

The Adventurer

BY Lloyd Osbourne.

(Copyright, 1907, by D. Appleton & Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Lewis Kristpatrick nicknamed "Kirk," a plucky young American, embarks on an enterprise to seek the buried treasure of the lost South American city of Casaguar. The expedition is under the leadership of four people: Westbrook, a famous inventor; Dr. Von Zeltz, a famous physician; an enormously wealthy old lady, and Capt. Jackson. Westbrook builds in the South American pampas a mighty ship, the Fortuna, erected upon wheels and thus capable of sailing on land. Kirk becomes engaged to Westbrook's lovely daughter, Vera. He is second officer, when, with a picked crew, the Fortuna starts on her inland voyage. For his courage in repelling an attack of savages he is made captain Jackson being deposited for cowardice. Mrs. Hitchcock and Jackson strike camp of the crew while in camp during a pause in the voyage to help them stay, the ship and return to civilization. Kirk, who is hidden aboard, over turns the ship when it has travelled only thirty miles. The ship is mended and proceeds to a point near Casaguar, where the gold bars are transported to the Fortuna from the buried city in automobiles. Kirk and Vera through forgotten to do so, in Westbrook's secret join one of these automobiles, and come in sight of Casaguar.

CHAPTER XXVI. The Buried City.

MURMURS of astonishment rose to their lips as the great arch loomed into closer view. Colossal and solitary fantastically carved with hieroglyphs whose meaning had been lost for hundreds, possibly thousands of years. It towered toward the sky, mysterious, savage, awe-inspiring. Greeting the car with a snarl, deft hand, Crawshaw drove it forward, the nonchalant air of one who knew every inch of the road. Adroitly picking his way round mounds of tumbled masonry, dipping into gullies and opening his throttle on the rise, shaving with a fine eye trees and stumps and rocks, he at length reached the entrance of the building, rumbled through its damp and tunnel-like interior, and with much winding and turning picked a diagonal path across the courtyard beyond to the arches of a gray and devastated wing.

"Of course you will want to come down with me, captain," said Crawshaw, picking up a sack and eyeing Vera doubtfully. "But if it is too much for Miss Westbrook to attempt, we'll leave Henderson behind to stay with her."

"Oh, I don't want to be left out!" cried Vera. "I wouldn't miss it for anything!" They proceeded in single file, Crawshaw leading, Henderson and Kirk in the center, Vera last—entering a dim corridor whose twilight gradually turned to darkness as they advanced. The gallery ended in a lofty chamber of vague and unknown extent. Here some steps descended into a void of impenetrable blackness—narrow, slimy, stone steps not two feet across on one side hugging the wall, on the other unprotected by rope or railing. The descent was safely made, and they found themselves in an atmosphere of penetrating cold and damp.

CHAPTER XXVII. A Warning.

A T length they stopped. "Here we are!" cried the engineer. Crawshaw took a dozen steps from them and bending down, paratus on a wooden box. Then he struck a match and held it to what was apparently an acetylene gas-burner. There was a tiny flicker, a sound of escaping air, and two dancing specks of flame swelled into one and suddenly

rose in a little fan. The effect was dazzling in the extreme to eyes grown accustomed to obscurity. They found themselves standing in a high and brilliantly illuminated chamber, some thirty feet square and a dozen high, with every nook and cranny of it bared to view.

But there were more exciting things to exclaim over. On one side, methodically stacked against the wall, was an array of dark, moody, familiar-looking bars, built up in a criss-cross fashion sixteen inches or so above the floor. The iron rods already made upon the treasure were apparent! In the moss and discoloration that rose, not unlike a sort of waistcoat, to a much greater height, clearly defining a recent line of demarcation. But enough still remained, a fraction though it was of the original board, to constitute a fortune running into many hundreds of thousands. Crawshaw made an offhand estimate of three-quarters of a million dollars, and lifting up one of the bars, gleefully entered it.

Kirk and Vera, in fascinated silence, gazed at the ingots that had lain thus lost and forgotten for incalculable years. Crawshaw and Henderson loaded their bags. Kirk, in a sort of maze, followed their example. Crawshaw extinguished the gas, and

he did so the scene vanished for ever. The dull gleam of the lanterns only more than sufficed to light their feet, and they were again engulfed in an all-pervading night. In single file, the men bending under their sacks, they began to retrace their way and follow out the tortuous passages through which they had originally come.

As they neared the surface they heard a low rumble, so faint, so mysterious, that it was impossible to detect from what direction it came. "It's thunder," said Crawshaw. "I am not so sure," put in Kirk. Then, raising his lantern, he looked the others squarely in the face. "Crawshaw," he cried, "those are the machine guns of the Fortuna!"

CHAPTER XXVIII. Deserted.

NO time was lost in taking counsel or making plans. They scrambled to the surface and leaped into the cars. Crawshaw started up his engine and they were off in the twinkling of an eye, with a heading rush that tossed caution to the wind. At last they reached the lookout promontory and gazed down upon the Fortuna.

She was bearing away under full sail, holly pursued on either flank by black, seething masses of mounted savages. Flame was spitting from her sides, and the air was thick with sharp, low detonations that rose and fell irregularly like the popping of distant crackers. The wind, though steady, was far from strong. The horsemen easily kept pace with the ship, and occasionally some even outran her and attempted to reach her off as they might a wild bull. But the Fortuna drove into them with resistless force, and her wheels jolted over human bodies that failed to escape in time or were shot down from the foremost rigging as they turned to fly. At first sight it seemed a most unequal

contest, with everything in favor of the whites. But the pertinacity of the savages, their fanatical resolution, their enormous numbers, unthinned and undiminished by that hail of death—all shook the confidence of the onlookers as to the ultimate outcome and conjured up a horrible premonition of disaster.

These wolves of the llano, individually so harmless, with nothing but bows and arrows, spears and an occasional flintlock to oppose to smokeless powder and steel-tipped bullets, were in the mass a most formidable enemy and terrible to withstand. They were capable of beating down all resistance by sheer weight and intrepidity, even as the Derivishes so nearly turned the day at Omdurman. As Kirk gazed down at that tornado of battle he was staggered to see how slight an impression, after all the Fortuna was able to make on the dark sea encompassing her. Her guns mowed down wide swaths of men and horses; they fell as tritely as grass before a scythe; but the shattered ranks rallied, the scythe cut and cut apparently in vain, the swarming horde neither slackened its pursuit nor showed in the slightest the smallest lessening of numbers. (To Be Continued.)

Graceful Ways to Serve and Eat an Orange.



By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

ORANGES are among the most difficult things to eat with any semblance of grace. Ordinarily they are served out in half and eaten with a rather sharp edged spoon. During the preceding one is lucky if one does not spill the juice into one's own eye or into the artificially beautified orb of one's neighbor with dire results.

Spurred orange juice has served as an introduction between strangers, but again it has broken up old friendships. Fortunately there are other and less explosive ways of eating this, the queen of fruits.

Most retiring natures, who dread the very thought of mauling others even with orange juice, peel and divide the fruit into its natural sections and carefully eat the pulp and fiber too. While the orange is the most beneficial of all

fruits, the fiber is both tasteless and useless as an article of diet. The real way to eat an orange is to get all the nutriment or juice and none of the fiber or pulp. This necessitates the use of a knife and spoon. Take a thin-skinned orange and cut around horizontally, so to speak, cutting into the fruit itself, but not into it. Now take a teaspoon, slip this between the skin and the pulp, loosen the

skin to within a small space from the top and bottom of the orange. Carefully turn back the peel and cut the orange in half, take out the seeds and it will be found easy to eat the fruit and to leave all the pulp and fiber. When an orange is prepared in this way it looks something of a very good deal like a diablo. An orange bend who never eats less than seven at a time spikes them on

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

She Ignores His Postals.

Dear Betty: I HAVE sent a young girl who lives a couple of doors from me nice post cards asking her to theatres, but when she speaks to me after she never mentions the postals. I have never taken her out, and would you tell me how to do it? L. C. M.

Next time you see the young lady ask her yourself if you may take her to the theatre.

Licenses Necessary. Betty: You kindly tell me if it is necessary to have a license to marry in the States of New Jersey and Connecticut? This is to settle an argument. A. C. B.

Every State requires a marriage license except New Jersey.

She Doesn't Love Him.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been keeping company with a young lady of nineteen for nearly a year. On Christmas I gave her a watch and she gave me a ring. Now she says she does not love me. Should

I give her back the ring? I dearly love the girl and feel I can never love another. A. D. M.

Perhaps she was angry at the time she said she didn't love you. Try and make up with her. If she refuses to do so it is best to let her go.

He Would Like to Call.

Dear Betty: I AM twenty-four and think a good deal of a young lady about same age. I would like to invite her out to the theatre, but don't know how to go about it. I have known her about a year very slightly. B. E.

Ask her if you may call. When you get to know her better suggest going to the theatre.

Propose to Her.

Dear Betty: I AM eighteen and in love with a young lady two months older. She has informed me that my love is returned and I would like very much to marry her. Do you think it right for me to propose to her, since it is leap year? L. O. S.

There is no objection, except your extreme youthfulness, to your proposing to the young lady. Men propose in leap year just the same as ever.

"The New East Lynne"

A New York story for New Yorkers, written exclusively for The Evening World by Clara Morris, begins next Saturday. It is the best story Clara Morris ever wrote. Don't Miss It!